

The Geo. L. Fordyce Co.

Youngstown, O., Sept. 29, 1921.

RELIABLE ADVERTISING

27-33 West Federal Street

A Sale of Beacon Blankets

Fordyce's present this week the popular Beacon Blankets in all of the latest patterns at special new low prices.

Indian blankets, bathrobe blankets, Beacon baby bags and crib blankets of the best Beacon make are offered at a special range of low prices in order to permit quick sales this early in the season.

Beacon Double Blankets

Beacon blankets, 66x80, the very best quality of Beacon that is made. These blankets are thick and wooly, silk bound in plaids and jacquard patterns. The colors are rose, blue, tan, pink, orchid, and grey. Priced at \$8.94.

Another Beacon blanket, 68x80, is not heavy as the first one but is a fine blanket, silk bound and in shades of grey, blue, tan and pink. The broken plaid patterns are very attractive. Price, a pair, \$6.00.

Beacon Indian Blankets

Beautiful Indian blankets, extra heavy and in all the Indian designings and color combinations.

These are the blankets that are so popular with college students, they are decorative as well as comfortable for a den and are favorites in canoes. There is a mysterious romance about an Indian blanket with its enfolding warmth that is fascinating. Size 66x80. Price \$8.94.

Beacon Baby Bags

OPEN AT THE TOP

They will keep the baby warm and comfortable all night long, for there is no possibility of his kicking off the covers, since he is cuddled up in a baby bag of the softest, warmest Beacon down. These baby bags come in checked and plain pink and blue with a Grecian border and have a two-inch silk binding. Priced at \$2.25.

Beacon Crib Blankets

Pretty crib blankets, pink and blue, with the favorite "bunnies and kitties" of the nursery world scampering all over them. They are daintily finished with a blanket stitched edge. Price \$1.65 and \$2.00.

Other warm nursery blankets are priced from \$1.00 to \$4.00.

NOTICE

In order to better serve our many patrons and avoid the rush on Saturday and Saturday evenings, we will be open each evening during the week except Thursday evenings, commencing Friday evening, Sept. 30.

We have a good stock of Shoes and Rubber Goods. Come in and let us serve you and save you money.

Yours truly,
Canfield Shoe Store

SUBTLE COMPLIMENT.

"Why did you put that sign over your desk, 'This is my busy day'?"
"It makes a good impression," answered Senator Sorghum, "when an influential constituent calls."
"But it might give offense."
"Not at all. It adds to a visitor's sense of importance when I give him a cigar and tell him I want a long chat with him."

Spotted His Usefulness.
"Hon. T. J. Twobble doesn't seem interested in the ordinary affairs of life."
"A great misfortune overtook him."
"A private sorrow?"
"No, a public one. About ten years ago he was mentioned for the presidency and ever since he has worn the air of a man who has served two terms in the White House and doesn't know what to do with himself."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Buying Material.
"You got some drawings?"
"Yes."
"What's the other fellow got?"
"Poetry," said the other fellow.
"Well, it's this way, boys," said the magazine man. "I gotta have something to wedge the prose articles apart. I don't care what it is. You two toss for it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



SAFEST WAY, TOO
She—Why is it that you never mention your ancestors?
He—Because I believe in letting by-gones be by-gones.

The Changing Times.
What is home without a mother?
Dad's as mad as fury!
Not a thing to eat at home—
Mother's on the jury.

HOW

DEATH VALLEY VOYAGERS HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES.

—Death valley has a reputation for destroying the hopes of man largely because man is by nature a selfish being, according to John Stanton of Boise City, Okla., who claims that most of the human beings who perish in that arid tract of territory owe their destruction to the individuals who go before them.

"Death valley presents a picture of the two sides of human nature," said Mr. Stanton. "It shows on one side the good, the beautiful and the true, while on the other hand it depicts the most despicable trait in humanity—selfishness. For instance, one of the reasons why most of the voyagers in Death valley come to grief is because they cannot find water holes. There are men who know where these water holes are—men who have discovered them and men who erect signs to point the way to them. But after these real human beings have gone to all the trouble of erecting the signs, putting directions on them as best they can, the selfish travelers come along and, needing the signs for firewood, destroy them."

"Just for the satisfaction of a moment, the utility that comes from a kindling fire which could be built with a little more effort if the parties were to search for the firewood without using the guideposts, some people jeopardize the lives of those who follow them. That is the story of Death valley. The place has many tragedies to its record, but one-half if not more of them could have been averted if human nature had kept itself in control; if selfishness were not such a strong trait. Death valley isn't half so dangerous to mankind as these men."

For quick action—Dispatch Classified Advertising.

GOT ITS NAME FROM STREAM

How New York's Famous "Maiden Lane" Received Nomenclature That Is World Famous.

Maiden lane, the home of the jewelry and diamond business in New York, and known over the world for that fact, received its name before it was a street. It took it from a very pretty little stream that ran across that part of the city. It was the custom in that day, before the time of wringers and washing machines, for the young women to do the family washing.

The clothes were carried here and the day spent in cleansing them in what is described as a rippling brook. Some of the men who have dug into New York's early history profess to have discovered that it was also a place where the young men of the time repaired, being pretty certain of getting a chance to talk with the girls. The stream was outside the city as it existed at that time, most of it being behind the big wooden wall that Peter Stuyvesant had built, so that in order to get to Maiden lane it was necessary to go out through the gate with the family wash. There is nothing to show that Monday was then the popular washday with families, as it is now and was later. But it is likely the Dutch began to get things to rights early in the week, and it probably was Monday that saw the greatest gathering of maidens along the little stream, washing and rinsing clothes.

How We Got Word "Fluke."

The word "fluke" traces its direct ancestry to the Anglo-Saxon word "floc," which is first cousin to the Icelandic "flok." There are several kinds of flukes. There is the fish commonly designated in high priced restaurants as "flet of sole." There is the broad portion of an anchor, the part that does the business of digging into the mud and holding the boat. And there is the happy chance by which a player wins a game.

There is so strong a resemblance in shape between the business end of an anchor and the fish called a fluke that the application of the word to the anchor is perfectly logical. There is also so strong a resemblance between the awkwardness of the fish called a fluke and the awkwardness of a player who makes a blunder shot by an accident, that such a shot can quite appropriately be described as a "fluke."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

How Word "Hussy" Came.

Did it ever occur to you that there is no reproach necessarily implied in the use of the word "hussy"? Well, there isn't, on the authority of the dictionary.

"Hussy" is a corruption of "hushwife," an abbreviation corresponding to the word "hubby" for husband. Hushwife, in its turn, is another form of housewife.

Of course the corruption or abbreviation of "housewife" originally carried the meaning of a prudent or familiar appellation. But the word has traveled a long way—and it has traveled downward—in the course of the centuries. So in its modern meaning, actual or implied, the word "hussy" is not recommended for use, even under provocation.

For "hussy" as now used, means "a pert, forward girl; a jade; a flirt." So there you are.—Milwaukee Journal.

—Patronize Dispatch advertising.

COMING AND GOING

H. I. Hine is ill at his home on Court street.

Vincent Basinger of Columbiana was in Canfield, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Liddle spent Wednesday in Cleveland.

L. B. Cunningham of Akron is visiting relatives in this place.

Mrs. Lizzie Shoaf of Youngstown visited Canfield friends this week.

Mrs. John Moherman of Youngstown was in the village Monday afternoon.

Mrs. C. C. Fowler and daughter Marion spent Wednesday in Cleveland.

Rev. C. L. Cope is attending the annual Methodist conference in Massillon.

John S. Reese of Alliance spent several hours in Canfield Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Emily Shingfield is confined to her bed, suffering from a severe attack of grippe.

Elmer McClave of Martinsburg, W. Va. visited here last Friday with W. J. Dickson and family.

Mr. and Mrs. U. D. Calvin of the island district were Canfield visitors last Sunday afternoon.

Miss Emma Davis and Mrs. Frank Crumbaker of North Lima were in the village Wednesday afternoon.

Frank Silver of Youngstown called on old Canfield friends and acquaintances last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. C. H. Hine, Mrs. Jessie Fitch and Mrs. W. B. Wilson were in Youngstown Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Delfs returned home Wednesday night from a two weeks' automobile trip to Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Kirk, Mrs. Jessie Fitch and Mrs. Wilbur Wilson spent Thursday in New Castle, Pa.

Andrew Kroeck and family of Lowellville spent last Sunday with John Toot and family on South Broad street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Smith have returned after a visit of two weeks with relatives at their old home in Marietta, O.

Mrs. Dickson and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hartman of Youngstown visited W. J. Dickson and family in this place last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bainger returned home the latter part of last week from an extended visit with relatives in Indiana.

R. J. Neff and family are arranging to spend the winter in Miami, Fla., leaving here by automobile early in November.

Mrs. Fred Smith of Chicago spent last Saturday here with her mother, Mrs. Sarah Jones, and sister, Miss Edna Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. James Giffin of Carlisle, Pa., visited at the home of C. C. Fowler on West Main street from Saturday until Monday.

Dr. C. H. Campbell has been confined to his bed several days this week with la grippe. He was able to sit up Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Mary Miller on Sunday concluded a visit here at the home of her daughter, Mrs. D. S. McInnis, and returned home to Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Susan Darrett returned home to Niles Monday after spending two weeks here with her sister, Mrs. Albert Bradley, who has been quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Kirk of Steubenville and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Dickson of Homestead, Pa., spent the week-end here with R. M. Kirk and family.

C. H. Grayson and family on Thursday removed from Broad street to the residence on East Main street recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Byers.

Dr. B. E. Coe, wife and daughter Doris and Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Cogsl returned home to Cleveland Sunday evening after a visit with Canfield relatives.

Mrs. J. D. Price of Youngstown and daughter, Mrs. W. T. McNelly, of Chicago recently visited Misses Eva and Etta Chidester at their home on East Main street.

J. A. Kline, after spending ten days here at his old home, left Tuesday evening for Hyattville, Wyoming, where he is extensively engaged in the live stock business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cowan of Youngstown, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Trine and Mr. and Mrs. John Saxton of Greenville, Pa., spent Sunday here with D. A. Christman and family.

B. M. Campbell and W. H. Barr, secretary and treasurer of the South Side Savings Bank, Youngstown, were in the village last Saturday afternoon and favored the Dispatch office with a call.

J. R. Truesdale of Youngstown, a native of Canfield, who recently underwent a serious surgical operation, is slowly recovering, now being able to spend a short time each day in his office.

Albert Huxsaw writes from Findlay that he is out of the hospital, rapidly regaining strength, and expects to be able to return to Canfield in a week or ten days to look after his business interests.

Rev. W. P. Hollister, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and Floyd Hunt attended a called meeting of the Mahoning Presbytery in Warren Monday last Tuesday, the former acting as moderator.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bromley, sons Steve and Jack and daughter Carolyn, last week motored to Boston where Steve entered upon his second year in college. The other members of the family returned home Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hine, Mrs. F. A. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Neff, Mrs. J. E. Neff, Mrs. I. Callahan, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Beardsley, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Ziegler, Paul Waters, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Massingham and Mrs. James J. Jones were among the Canfield people who attended the East Palestine fair on Wednesday.

We wish to thank the friends and neighbors for the many kindnesses shown us during the illness and after the death of our beloved baby; also for the many beautiful flowers.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ward Gressel.

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BOWSER WINS AGAIN

And Again He Lowers Mrs. Bowser's Colors.

By M. QUAD.

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Mrs. Bowser," began Mr. Bowser the other evening, "this afternoon I have known, for the first time in my life, what gigantic enjoyment and stupendous pleasure meant."

"That is," she replied, after a long look at him, "you have been looking over the dictionary and remembering all the hard words you could."

"My dear! I am talking just as I always talk, and don't you get up any riot about it. I have, this afternoon, been taking a ride on a motorboat."

"So you have got around to that, have you?"

"I have, madam. A friend of mine who owns a motorboat invited me to go with him on a trip, and he permitted me to have the whole management of the boat."

"And it didn't dive to the bottom, or try to jump over the sun?" queried Mrs. Bowser with a smile.

"It went along just as easy as a rocking chair, and nothing whatever happened. It took me less than two minutes to get the hang of the thing, and my friend said he never saw a boat better managed. Tomorrow I am to go fishing in her with a couple of friends and I shall have unalloyed pleasure and unexampled recreation."

"I don't see why you go fishing, Mr. Bowser. You never caught a fish in your life, and you always get almost drowned."

"I have caught barrels and barrels of fish," roared Mr. Bowser, "and I never even fell into the water. I shall go tomorrow, and I will bring back such a string of fish as will make your eyes bulge out! Besides the fishing, there will be the amusement of running the boat. All in all, I will pass such a day as has not come to me for years."

"Very well, Mr. Bowser. I will go down to the store the first thing in the morning and order my mourning. I will also stop and consult with the undertaker."

Mr. Bowser, instead of getting angry, smiled in pity and announced that it was useless to argue the matter. It was, consequently, dropped, but the cook was ordered to have breakfast half an hour earlier than usual.

Next morning Mr. Bowser set out with two friends in search of the unalloyed. That is, they did not set out at once. They took their seats in the boat and it was ordered to go ahead. It did not go. It remained at the wharf like a schoolboy sulking.

"What in thunder ails your old boat?" chorused the friends.

"Nothing 'tall, gentlemen," replied Mr. Bowser, who was not worried, in

the least. "She's only waiting to get a good start."

By and by the boat got one. She went right away at twenty miles an hour and just missed a craft coming up the river by a foot or two.

"Say, old man, if you are going to run the boat this way we want to get right out!" exclaimed the friends.

"Calm yourselves, gentlemen—calm yourselves. I just wanted to scare that vessel a little. You see, I have the boat under perfect control, and there is not any more danger than there would be in walking up Fifth avenue. You can get your fish lines ready."

The boat went along for a quarter of a mile as steady as an old horse, and she whirled half around and made for the other shore. The friends yelled at Mr. Bowser and got ready to leap overboard, but after half a minute Mr. Bowser regained his control and said:

"Easy, gentlemen, my hand slipped a little, but it will not occur again. If there was any danger I would not have invited you. I will now throw over my shark line hook and we may capture a monster."

The hook and line were thrown overboard and dragged behind the boat, which was on its good behavior. Of a sudden there was a jerk and a stoppage, and Mr. Bowser quietly said:

"Gentlemen, we have got a shark at least fifteen feet long, and our day's pleasure has begun. You, two men haul in the monster, and I will see to the boat."

The men hauled, but they could make no progress. The boat was trying to go ahead, but she could not move. After repeated efforts one of the men said:

"Say, old man, do you know what your shark is? It's a wreck or a log, and the hook has got a fast hold of it. You will have to cut the rope."

The rope was cut and the boat proceeded on its way. Nothing occurred in the next half hour, except getting on shore twice and on sand banks three times. There was a schooner loaded with bricks coming up the river, and Mr. Bowser ran his boat very close to her to get the price of bricks. The captain threw one of the missiles at him and called him the biggest

ground, and was stopped and the anchor thrown overboard.

"Gentlemen, if it pleases you," observed Mr. Bowser, "we will do some gigantic fishing here."

It didn't please them. They wanted to swim ashore or have the coastguard take them ashore, but when Mr. Bowser had caught his first fish they also cast in their lines. It simply was good fishing. The fish were running strong, and they were to be caught at the rate of three a minute. In hauling in a big one, one of the men fell overboard, but he was rescued, and the "unalloyed" went on. Mr. Bowser's boat was anchored in the middle of the channel, and during the three hours there five or six steamships passed up and down. They whistled for the motorboat to get out of the way, but she did not move. Mr. Bowser said it was for them to turn out, and they had to. Many an epithet was hurled at the motorboat, but she did not seem to care. She did not seem to care when lumps of coal followed the epithets. A tug, racing along, kicked up such a sea that a barrel or two of water came into the boat, but all the occupants had to do was to elevate their feet.

Mr. Bowser and his friends fished for three hours. Then they counted up. They had 75 fish of good size. The other men told Mr. Bowser that if he would start the boat for home they would give him their share of the fish. He agreed to this, and, after good luck, he got the boat started and headed in the right direction. The trip up the river was made without accident, but it was by the grace of Providence that she did not run into seven or eight crafts or go ashore to pick blackberries. The boat was scarcely tied up at the shore before Mr. Bowser was on the run for a telegraph office for a dispatch to Mrs. Bowser.

"Greatest success on earth. Most a hundred fish. Get ready to beg my pardon and take it all back."

When a wagon drove up two hours later loaded with fish, Mrs. Bowser took it all back. She had to! He had escaped with his life and caught a barrel of fish, and she went creeping about like a child that has been punished.

Trees in the Parlor.

In Maine the latest thing is to have trees in the parlor. Frank Anderson of Patten finds three young birches a great decoration for his bungalow on the shores of Shinn Pond. To be exact he has the pleasure of gazing mainly upon their silver trunks, for the greater part of the fronds stand high above the roof, finding the way to sun and rain through convenient holes. To allow them to sway with the passing breeze, as all birches like to do, he has made the holes very large, but to protect the heads of his guests and his family he has cleverly tacked a waterproof cloth to the roof and to the trunk and plastered the edges together with cement so that the joints are watertight. Now he can sit in his armchair tilted back to nature under his own roof tree.

No Job for an Amateur.

"Can't you make love like some of the screen heroes?"

"What do you mean?"

"Kiss me without disturbing my rouge, embrace me without disarranging my hair and draw my head to your shoulder without leaving powder all over your coat."—Film Fun.

Country Imports Much Sugar.

The United States produces about 2,500,000,000 pounds of sugar annually, and consumes nearly four times that amount.

The Spirit of Submission.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "hadn't we better keep a little money and jewelry in the hall?"

"I thought you were afraid of burglars?"

"I am. If one should break in and find no valuables, he might be terribly irritated."

Looks So, Indeed.

"Well, my dear?"

"The cook has issued an ultimatum."

"What about?"

"She says every time she has an afternoon off our car is in the repair shop and it's beginning to look to her like a put-up job."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Primary Law Flouted.

Adam (sternly)—Always keep in mind, woman, that my word is law in the garden.

Eve (sweetly)—It's one thing to make a law, old dear, and quite another thing to enforce it.—Buffalo Express.

WANTED

To rent, in or near Canfield, place of residence, preferably modern. Phone Canfield 48.

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